

Oares's Bug--Bug--Boarding-School,

A T

CAMBERWELL.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *My Lord Russels Farewell.*

Written by J. Dean, Author of the Wine-Cooper. The Hunting of the Fox. The Badger in the Fox-Trap. The Lord Russels Farewell. The Loyal Conquest. The Dutch Miller, &c.

Rouse, Rouse my lazy *Mirmidons*,
And muster up our Tribe;
See how the *Factions Fancied* stands,
To trim or cross the Tyde:
Invite 'em to my *Fauling School*,
The *Saints* for freedom tell:
How they may live without Controul,
With me at *Camberwell*.

There all Provision shall be made
To entertain the best,
Old *Mother Creswel* of our Trade,
To rub down our Guests;
Three Hundred of the briskest Dames,
In *Park* or *Field* e're sell: (flames
Whose Amorous Eyes shall charm the
Oth *Saints* at *Camberwell*.

For my own spending I will keep
Of Boys Three Hundred more,
They are to my Appetite, more sweet
Then Bawd or Bucksome Whore:
The *Turk Seraglio* we'll revive,
He sinks to sink for Hell:
Our *English Turk* may Plot and thrive,
With me at *Camberwell*.

That Sacred place shall tempt his Grace,
Once more from Friends to fall:
He'll leave these new-found Sweets to trace
both *More-Park* and *White-hall*;
For *Gray* and *Tow* shall be their home,
To Kiss Secure and Dwell:
Where e'ry Lads shall have his Grace,
In my sweet *Camberwell*.

Patience shall from the Cock-loft creep,
And here have free Access:
To Swear and Drink, to Whore and Sleep,
Such *Virtues* we profess;
Waller his *Pats of Venison*,
He took for *Priests*, may sell:
His *Amb-r-Necklaces* make known
Our *Saints* at *Camberwell*.

Player may meet his *Mistress* here,
Sometimes *Sir Robert's Wife*;
They free from care in joys may share,
It may prolong ones Life:
That daring *Gibbet* 'fore my Gate,
I'll tear him down to Rights;
Because no Emblems of ill Fate,
Shall fright our Amorous Nights.

Argile and *Lob*, and *Ferguson*,
And all *Abseonding Saints*;
May safely to their Saviour come,
And taste our sweet Contents:
Our largest Rooms to frisk and sport,
Beds round, and Curtains Drawn;
The Life and Scen of *Venus Court*,
Excelling *Englands Throne*.

All naked round the Room we'll Dance,
Fine *Limbs* and *Shapes* to show:
In pairs by Candle-light advance,
In dazeling postures go:
Here every Man obtains his Choice,
Sister, *Madam*, or *Girl*:
We'll have *Papilion* and *Dulog*,
To my sweet *Camberwell*.

Fini.